

## IN DREAMS.

In dreams I revisit the scenes of my youth,  
When friendship meant friendship, and  
truth meant truth;  
When hearts were wide open, and knowing  
no guile,  
And life flowed as broad and as deep as the  
Nile;  
When "Johnny" and "Charlie" and "Billy"  
and "Ben"  
Toed the mark like brave fellows, and acted  
like men,  
And would look up your face in the morn or  
the night  
With eyes that were truthful and kindly  
and bright.  
And there was sweet "Katie," the pride of  
them all;  
And "Jennie," so graceful, so stately and  
tall—  
With a voice like an angel, or twitter of  
birds,  
Whose soul was forever expressed in her  
words.  
Sweet "Fannie," the roystering, frolicsome  
girl,  
Kept hearts in a flutter and life in a  
whirl.  
While her songs in the school room and  
laugh on the stairs  
Could banish all sorrow and scatter dull  
cares;  
And her waltz in the ballroom attracted all  
eyes,  
Like stars that are glowing in bright sum-  
mer skies.  
What millions I'd give to live once again  
In the light of her eyes, and stroll down  
the lane,  
As we did when our life and our love were  
so lucky,  
When we kissed in the moonlight of dear  
old Kentucky.  
But the years that are fled shall never  
again  
Fill my heart with pure pleasure, sorrow  
or pain;  
Yet my soul now awakes like a magical  
song,  
Or the notes of a lute that our hearts loved  
so long—  
That sounds o'er the years like a sym-  
phonic strain,  
And never on earth shall enchant me  
again!  
—John A. Joyce, in Washington Star.



## CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

At four o'clock Clarence and Fannie accompanied Mr. Loyd to the landing, and the Sunshine bore him back up the river.

He waved them good-by from the steamer's deck, with his handkerchief, and said:

"I shall look for you and Clara when Bruce comes up."

They took seats on the wharf, and watched the little steamer go puffing up the river, until it disappeared from view.

"Fannie," said Clarence suddenly, "how long have we been acquainted?"

"Why, all our lives; at least all of mine. But what a funny question, Clarence."

"Is it so? Well, Fannie, there is something I have been wanting to tell you for a long time."

"Clarence, do you see that bird?"

"Yes, I see the bird. I wish he could whisper in your ear the words I want to say. Now don't run away. We are here alone for once, and I must tell you."

"Clarence, won't it keep till we get home? See, it's getting dark."

"No, Fannie, it will keep no longer, and besides I feel braver here alone with you, in the gathering darkness, than I should at home. Fannie, I have loved you all my life, I love you now, I will love you always—Fannie, will you be my wife?—there, thank the Lord you know it now, if you never did before."

"Oh, Clarence. And did that take bravery?"

"The bravery of a lion, Fannie. But tell me, tell me truly, can you love me?"

"Not any more—at least I think not any more."

"Oh, Fannie!"

"I was about to say, Clarence, not any more than I do now."

"And do you love me the least bit now, Fannie?"

"More than that, Clarence, more than that. I love you well enough to answer—yes—I will be your wife."

"Fannie!"

"Clarence!"

There were tears in Fannie's bright eyes when Clarence gently took her hands from before her face.

"Now one kiss, my little bride, to seal the bargain."

"Crackly! what will you say now?"

"Let us hope, Fannie, that he will not object."

"How can he, Clarence, when he knows that we love each other?"

The two happy hearts went beating more rapidly back to the manor house, where they found the family seated in the parlor.

As Clarence and Fannie entered the door, with their happy faces flushed and a something about their appearance that spoke louder than words, as a result of that trip to the landing, the squire arose to his feet.

"What, my son? What now, Fannie? You look excited."

"Well, I guess I am," said Fannie. "What do you think? I am going to be married."

"What!" exclaimed Clara. "when?"

and she jumped from her chair.

"I don't know; but some day. Ain't we, Clarence?"

By this time Clara's arms were around her, and Fannie's face was hidden on her shoulder.

"Well, what have you got to say, my boy?" said the squire.

"I've said it, father, and Fannie did not say no. I am as happy as a lord."

"And well you should be. Come, Puss, and give your expectant father a kiss."

All were embracing Fannie and congratulating Clarence but Lathrop, who had a scowl on his features, but finally he, too, came forward and said: "I wish you both joy."

Herbert had no opportunity to plead his suit, as Clara divined something of his intentions, and gave him none.

The next evening the squire had his horse and buggy brought to the door, and stated that he was going back three

or four miles, to where the men were felling timber for the mills. "Come, Clara," he added, "you shall go with me."

Clarence and Fannie had gone horse-back riding, and Clara went with her father, leaving Herbert Lathrop behind.

This act first opened his eyes to the fact that perhaps after all there was a doubt about his being able to win Clara, or even obtain the consent of her father.

"Well, I must have one of them," he said. "Clarence lost no time with Fannie, and the little minx said yes; while to me she said no and laughed in my face. One of the girls must surely be Mrs. Herbert Lathrop."

"Clara," said her father, when they were well on the road, "what think you of your brother's choice?"

"A perfect treasure, father. I know they'll be happy."

"Daughter, have you never thought of marriage?"

"No, father; why should I? I am but eighteen—plenty of time—you are not anxious to lose me, I trust?"

"Far from it, Clara; but you have an opportunity now to win a husband and wealth and station; in fact, he is already won; you have but to accept him. I have received a proposal for your hand."

"A husband I don't want—wealth and station we have; but who is it, pray, that thinks my hand worth the having? Not Herbert Lathrop, I hope; if so neither hand nor heart have I for him."

"Not Lathrop, Clara. He is but a dependent on his uncle. The would-be bridegroom is the uncle himself—my friend, John Loyd."

"What! Father! What! And you would have me wed John Loyd, a man not younger than my father? Impossible!"

"And why, my child, impossible? Loyd has great wealth, and he loves you, Clara. You would be the mistress of his home and shine as a star; besides you love no one else, do you?"

"No, no one else in the way you mean; and neither do I love John Loyd. I did respect him; but now—"

"Clara, the love of such a man as John Loyd should cause no girl to respect him less. You should consider it an honor to be loved by such a man."

"Well, father, you wish me to marry him not loving him?"

"Ah, Clara, you would love him well in time."

"And mother?"

"She knows nothing of it yet. I would not tell her until I had talked with you."

"The idea of my marrying Fannie's father, a girl scarce a year younger than am I. Mother, I know, would never listen to it."

"Your mother, child, has romantic notions in her head; but look you well to wealth and station, for there lies happiness."

"I think not, father; not for me, for I value neither beyond reason."

"Well, what will you say to the suit of my friend Loyd?"

"I will say, dear father, that I love him not."

"But you respect him?"

"I respect him."

"And may love him?"

"No, father, I will not say that."

"But you will marry him?"

"Since your heart is bent on it I will think the matter over; but I do not love John Loyd."

That night Clara repeated her conversation with her father to her mother, who was scarcely less surprised than she had been.

"So your father wants you to become the wife of this old man, because he is rich. Was there ever such a worshiper of gold! But of course you'll not marry him?"

"If I don't, mother, we will have an unquiet home; you know how set father is in his ways."

"I guess I do; I've lived with him for 25 long years, but do you never marry, save to please yourself."

The next morning Clarence knew all about it. His father evidently had told him, and when he left Clara he congratulated her.

"No, Clarence," she said, "do not congratulate me. In your case congratulations are well, but in mine, should I marry Fannie's father, do you think they would be well timed?"

"No man in Carolina, sister, is more esteemed than John Loyd. His name would almost head the list; then—wealth and station!"

"I see that you entertain father's views; you'd have your sister be step-mother to your wife, who is but a year her junior—pray, do you marry Fannie because John Loyd is wealthy? Do you marry her for esteem, for station, or for what?"

"I love Fannie, Clara."

"And think I should marry where I do not love?"

"No, Clara, no, but surely—"

"Yes, surely, I suppose you think that I can love your wife's father enough to marry him? I love your wife, and that is enough for you."

Here Fannie joined them. "Clara, dear," she said, "I know not whether to laugh or cry—shall you wed papa?"

"I know not, Fannie, he has not asked me yet, but in any event I shall not love you less."

"Hush," said Fannie, "here comes Herbert. Let him know nothing about it, at least not now."

Nor did Herbert; but he surmised that something was amiss in his plans, and try as he might, he could get no opportunity to talk to Clara by herself, and he felt certain that they had some secret that he knew not of. True, it might be something connected with the engagement of Fannie and Clarence, but it worried him, and when night came, and he went to his room, he pondered long before he fell asleep, and when he slept it was to dream of Fannie, Clarence and of untold wealth.

## CHAPTER IV.

ANGUS BRUCE AND THE CLARA BELLE. Smithville, a town of several hundred inhabitants, is located on the Cape Fear

river near its mouth, and scarcely more than three miles from the open sea, and here dwelt many pilots and fishermen.

The pilots gained a livelihood by the hazardous business of taking trips daily in their open pilot boats, out the inlet, and often a half-dozen miles to sea, for the purpose of meeting incoming vessels, and piloting them through the inlet to Smithville harbor, and often up to Wilmington.

The life was very hazardous, and many pilots annually had their frail boats swamped by the angry waves and lost their lives, yes, and do to this day.

Among these pilots a few years before had been one Donald Bruce, a Scotchman of middle life, and as bold, expert and fearless a mariner as ever piloted a craft through the inlet.

His daring and recklessness cost him his life, for, venturing out three years before in a rough sea, at a time when an English bark had fired a signal of distress, he and three others who accompanied him to help him through the inlet as the tides were running in were swamped and drowned, and their dead bodies probably eaten by sharks, or they would have drifted in, as did their upturned and stoven boat.

Three of the men were single, but Donald Bruce had left behind a wife, a son and a daughter.

The wife would have lost the son the same day she did the husband but for the fact that she threw both arms about his neck and detained him.

"Nay, Angus, thou shalt not go, son, and if Donald Bruce wud list to me, he wud go, neither—the sea is angry, I will warrant me, and one life is enough for Margaret Bruce to trust to it this day."

"Stay home, Angus, stay home, and mind thy mither, lad—for summat tells me there be a mighty swell, and I'd have thee by the dame."

So that Angus had remained behind, and well he did, for the wife and daughter of Donald Bruce—aye, and for the lad himself.

Margaret Bruce was a woman of some 40 years of age when she lost her husband. He had married her some 25 years before in Bonnie Scotland, and removed to North Carolina shortly after.

Angus, the son, was now 23 years of age, tall, straight as an arrow, and did not know his strength; he was an expert pilot and a thorough seaman, his father having tutored him for years.

Angus Bruce was one the passer-by would glance at more than once; his large blue eyes, heavy head of hair (not red, but nearly so) heavy eyebrows, clean shaven face, and close-set lips, in addition to his stalwart frame, made him good to look upon, and so thought every pilot, nay, every man and woman that gazed upon him.

Jennie Bruce, his sister, was six years his junior, and as comely a Scotch lass as one would wish to see.

Now after the father's death Margaret Bruce determined that Angus should never venture more in an open boat to sea, so she purchased for young Angus "The Clara Belle," a two-masted schooner that had plied the waters of the river and coast for several seasons, carrying the planters' products to market, bringing them supplies, and coasting from Newbern and Beaufort to Charleston harbor.

The lad had on the deck of his craft eight good stout men, and in the galley a cook, who was his property.

He had always been as punctual and reliable as the sun, and lacked not for all that he could do; he was making money rapidly.

This was the Angus Bruce and this the craft that Abner Hill looked for the Wednesday succeeding the Sunday on which John Loyd was at Orton, to freight his turpentine to Wilmington, and Fannie, Herbert and Clara were to take passage in its ample cabin.

The Clara Belle passed into the mouth of Orton creek on Tuesday night, and was secured to the landing; big bonfires were built upon the creek bank, and all night long 20 of Squire Hill's slaves, under the direction of Corbett, were rolling turpentine aboard; while the "Heave! Yoeh! Heave!" of the sailors was heard as they lowered it into the hold.

Corbett appeared at the house at eight o'clock Wednesday morning and found the squire seated on the piazza smoking his early pipe.

"Squire, the Clara Belle is loaded, and Angus starts for Wilmington on the flood tide at ten o'clock."

"Very good, Corbett. Angus never fails us. Did you tell him of his passengers?"

"Yes, squire, I told him."

"Very well, they'll be aboard at ten."

Promptly at ten the schooner swung from the wharf and passed out into the river. Herbert and the two girls were standing on the after deck. The tide was bearing up the river, and the wind was favorable. So, with her canvas unfurled to the breeze, the Clara Belle soon left Orton far behind.

Capt. Angus was on the deck in slipper feet. Having been up the greater part of the night, he had just arisen. He approached the stern, where his passengers were seated in chairs.

"Good morning, ladies."



Angus to the rescue.

"Good morning, Capt. Bruce."

"Miss Hill, you know where the cabin is, and you will find it untenanted. It is at your disposal."

"Thanks, captain, thanks, but I think it more pleasant this fine morning on deck."

"Your mother and sister are well?"

"Quite well, I thank you."

"Capt. Bruce," said Fannie, "what time will we arrive in town?"

"We will be there by three o'clock, Miss Fannie, and perhaps before. There is fruit in the cabin, Miss Hill, and if you would like either tea or coffee, or anything else that the Clara Belle contains, ring the bell for Tobe and order it."

"Clara Belle! I wonder, captain, was your schooner named for me?"

"I fear not, Miss Hill, as that was the name the craft bore when I purchased her, but I rechristened her the Clara Belle, for the bonniest lass on the river."

"Oh, Capt. Bruce, how you can flatter."

"No flattery, Miss Hill; do you think I'd give a craft as stanch and true as this, the name of one I did not—the name of anyone but Miss Clara Hill?"

Angus Bruce went forward in some confusion, while Clara Hill's face flushed.

"The impudent puppy," said Herbert Lathrop. "Miss Hill, shall I reprove him?"

"I advise you not, Mr. Lathrop, else you might get your clothing soiled by contact with the deck, or in the somewhat grimy waters of the river."

"Come, Fannie, let's test the captain's fruit."

The two girls descended into the cabin, but soon returned with oranges and apples. Fannie gave Herbert a couple, and they proceeded to the stern of the schooner, where as they took the outer covering off they cast it overboard. Clara was seated on the schooner's railing, and Herbert standing nearly in front of her.

Suddenly he said: "Hand me the apple, Miss Clara, I will pare it for you," and he extended his hand—it came in contact with the hand that held her knife.

She recoiled as though stung by a viper, swayed back—one scream, she fell from the railing into the river, and sank beneath its foaming surface directly in the wake of the schooner.

Fannie screamed, and Herbert Lathrop cried: "Stop the boat! Captain, stop the boat! Miss Hill is overboard!"

Angus Bruce, with his red hair flying, came rushing aft, kicking off his slippers as he came. "Port your helm! Hard port your helm! Swing her to, and lower a boat," and over the vessel's railing head first, with a cry of a wounded beast, he disappeared from view. Down, down into the depths of the river, but not for long—his head was soon above the surface, his strong arms causing the water to fly, as valiantly, with mighty strokes, he dashed it aside to rescue one who, unknown to herself, held in chains never to be broken but by death the body, heart and soul of Angus Bruce.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A PERSISTENT TURK.

How the Pertinacious Fellow Won a Valuable Ring.

When the batteries of Inghur were taken the first soldier who entered, perceiving a Russian colonel lying dead upon the ground, plucked off his gloves and appropriated a valuable diamond ring which was upon his finger. Knowing, however, that it would be impossible very long to keep secret the possession of so valuable a prize, he showed his ushbash, or captain, his treasure and requested permission to keep it.

The ushbash told the man that he was quite right to bring the prize to him, and that henceforth it should be transferred to the finger of the said ushbash.

The soldier, not satisfied with this arrangement, referred the matter to the bimbash, or major, who said that both he and the ushbash were highly culpable in daring to retain the ring from their superior officer, and that he would therefore relieve them of the subject of dispute.

From the bimbash the soldier went to the kalma kama, or lieutenant colonel, who at once followed the example of his inferiors and took possession of the ring.

The soldier still persevered, however, and went to the meer ali (colonel), who determined that he was the rightful possessor of the ring by virtue of his rank, and dismissed the rival claimants from his presence in the most summary manner.

Next day a French officer attached to the staff of Omar Pasha observed a private soldier prowling near the tent of the commander in chief. The story of the ring was at once related by its original possessor to this gentleman, who laid the matter before his highness, and the man had not only the satisfaction of regaining possession of his property, but of knowing that those who had attempted successively to deprive him of it had been severely reprimanded for their conduct.—Blackburn Standard.

## The Model Suitor.

Scene in one act. Mr. Schmidt (to intended son-in-law)—Have you fixed a day for the wedding?

Suitor—Of course, I leave that entirely to Miss Clara.

Mr. Schmidt—Do you want the thing done in grand style, or would you rather like it to be a quiet affair?

Suitor—I think that had better be left for Mrs. Schmidt to decide.

Mr. Schmidt—And, pray, what is the amount of your income, young man?

Suitor—Oh, I leave that entirely to you, Mr. Schmidt.—Modernes Leben.

## Very Unfortunate.

Fuddy—Postlethwait is very proud of his ancestry. Why, he goes back to the pilgrims!

Duddy—Yes; but, unfortunately, he doesn't stay with them.—Boston Transcript.

—The modern Roman mile is 1,600 yards.

## MOTHER M'KINLEY.

Peixotto's Portrait of the Old Lady Presented to Her Son.

CANTON, O., March 1.—A pleasant incident occurred at the McKinley home Saturday evening. Some of the older and closer friends of the major arranged a little surprise for him. Peixotto, the artist, was here for a considerable time painting the portrait of Maj. McKinley, and these



Exact Reproduction of Peixotto's Portrait.

friends arranged for private sittings with Mother McKinley, and presented the finished picture to the major. There was no formality about the presentation, nor were subscribers present. The major, however, was touched by the gift, and his appreciation of this act of his friends is boundless.

## UNFORTUNATE CRETE.

Famine, a New Danger, Threatens the Island—Every Day the Situation Grows Worse.

CANEA, March 1.—A new danger threatens this unfortunate island, and if it is to be averted a speedy settlement of the difficulties must be arrived at. Every day the situation is becoming more desperate, owing to the fact that throughout the island the state of war prevents any attention being paid to the crops. In the towns which are besieged by the insurgents, the situation is much worse than it is in the country districts.

In Heraklion alone, where there has been a very large influx of refugees, the outlook is very serious. There is now in the town, counting the regular Moslem population and the refugees, fully 25,000 persons. Provisions are very scarce, and a famine is imminent. Large numbers of refugees are already dying of starvation, and it was the knowledge of this fact that led Korakas, the Greek leader, to issue his order permitting the cultivation of the fields near the town.

The lines of the besiegers are absolutely impassable as has been proved by the failure of several sorties that have been made. The officials in the town have telegraphed to Canea imploring the assistance of the foreign warships in raising the siege but it is not considered likely that their supplication will receive a favorable response, though provisions may be sent to the starving. Korakas has not yet cut off the water supply of the town, which he threatened a few days ago to do. Should he carry this threat into effect the condition of the besieged people would be pitiable indeed.

Korakas, with part of his forces, is advancing upon Hierapetra. He will pass through the turbulent district of Lashithi and the populace there is trying to join him. It is pretty certain that the garrison at Hierapetra will have to capitulate when the insurgents reach there unless the foreign warships help the Turks.

## FIGHT AT A DANCE.

Ten Men Killed and Fifteen Others Seriously Injured.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 1.—A special to the Examiner from Victoria, Mex., says:

An insulting remark addressed by a young man to a young lady at a dancing party at Tanco, this state, Friday night, led to a desperate fight between all the men at the dance. When the smoke of the battle had cleared away it was found that ten men were lying dead in the room and 15 others were seriously wounded. The fighters used knives, pistols and clubs, and the affair lasted several hours, until the ones still uninjured were completely exhausted. A number of those killed and wounded were well known and highly respected young men of this town.

## Railway Wreck—Two Dead and One Hurt.

MARSHALL, Mo., March 1.—A wreck occurred on the Chicago & Alton, one and a half miles east of this city, resulting in the death of two persons and the injuring of another. The accident happened to through fast freight No. 73, in charge of Conductor Raul, Engineer C. G. Ehret and Fireman McClain.

## Anglo-Venezuelan Treaty Signed.

WASHINGTON, March 1.—At the British embassy at noon Saturday the Spanish draft of the Anglo-Venezuelan treaty was signed by Sir Julian Pauncefote and Senator Andrade, and the document is officially ready for submission to the Venezuelan congress, conforming to the constitutional provision of being in the language of that country.

## MY LADY'S DRESSING TABLE.

A little camphor and water should be used as a wash for the mouth and throat if the breath is not sweet.

A little fresh cold cream should be kept on the toilet table during the cold weather, and applied to the lips and hands every night if the skin seems at all rough or chapped.

A few grains of alum in tepid water will relieve those whose hands perspire freely. A few drops of sulphuric acid in the water are also beneficial for this purpose, as well as desirable for washing the feet when they perspire freely.

## TO DECLARE WAR

Between the Kingdom of Spain and the United States Government.

A Resolution Introduced in the House to That Effect by Representative Sulzer—Has Gen. Lee Resigned?—Pardon for Sanguilly Signed by the Queen.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 26.—Mr. Sulzer (dem., N. Y.) offered in the house Thursday a bill declaring war between the kingdom of Spain and her colonies and the United States of America and their territories.

The measure reads as follows: "That war be declared to exist between the kingdom of Spain and her colonies and the United States of America and their territories; and that the president is authorized to use the whole land and naval force of the United States to carry the same into effect, and to issue to private armed vessels of the United States commissions or letters of marque and general reprisal, in such form as he may think proper and under the seal of the United States, against the vessels, goods and effects of the government of the said kingdom of Spain and the subjects thereof." The measure was referred to the committee on foreign affairs.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 26.—Senor de Lome, the Spanish minister residing here, states Thursday night that he has received an official cablegram from Madrid, Spain, that the crown regent has signed the pardon of Jose Sanguilly. The further statement is that this action was taken by the Spanish cabinet last week and will be published in the Madrid newspapers Friday morning. The telegram conveying this information to Senor de Lome is signed by Tetuan, the Spanish minister of foreign affairs.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 26.—From distinct sources statements were received here early Thursday morning that Consul General Lee at Havana "had received his passports." This rumor naturally caused excitement, and a general desire was expressed to know definitely whether Gen. Lee's contemplated withdrawal from Havana was his own act, resulting from the acceptance of his resignation, said to have been cabled last Sunday, or whether it had been brought about by the action of the Spanish authorities in Cuba, in which latter case its significance would be much more marked.

Inquiries in official circles elicited strong denials of the rumor.

The well-known fact was pointed out that passports were not given to consuls, but only to ministers and ambassadors; that in the case of an offending or retiring consul the document sent him on his departure was his "exequatur," or official document, recognizing his right to exercise the functions of his office, and it was said that not even the semi-diplomatic position accorded to our consul general at Havana by consent of the Spanish government would render his case where "passports" would be required. The return of his "exequatur" to the consul would of course be equivalent to the sending of "passports" to a minister. But at the Spanish legation, as well as at the state department, it was emphatically stated this course had not been taken. The denials were quite as emphatic as those previously put out in regard to Gen. Lee's request for war ships, and the conditional tender of his resignation if this request should not be granted. It was stated on the direct authority of a member of the cabinet that Secretary Olney stated to his associates at the cabinet meeting on Tuesday last that it was not true that Lee had resigned or that he had asked for warships. Mr. Olney, on this occasion added that exciting statements put out were simply an attempt to "run the state department through the newspapers."

It was again said Thursday morning as coming from Secretary Olney that there was no change in the Cuban situation. Thus the matter rests.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 26.—The senate committee on foreign relations snubbed Secretary Olney Thursday morning and refused to listen to his request not to press in the senate the resolution demanding the immediate release of Sanguilly. The committee discussed Mr. Olney's letter for some time, but by a decisive vote decided to bring the resolution up and subsequent events in the senate showed that Secretary Olney's advice was little heeded.

The senate committee on foreign relations held a special meeting Thursday morning for the purpose of again considering the resolution reported Wednesday instructing the president to demand the immediate release of Julio Sanguilly, an American citizen now confined in prison in Cuba.

The case was carefully discussed and the committee reached the unanimous conclusion that the senate could afford to wait no longer for Spain to keep her promise made to Secretary Olney to release Sanguilly, and the decision was reached to insist upon the passage of the resolution to the opposition of appropriation measures and everything else.

NEW YORK, Feb. 26.—A Herald special from Washington says:

The relations between the administration and the senate have been further strained by the refusal of Secretary Olney to transmit to the government of Greece the resolution adopted by the senate last Friday extending sympathy to that government for its intervention for the purpose of freeing the people of Crete from Turkish rule.

## Ambassador McVeagh.

ROME, Feb. 26.—Hon. Wayne McVeagh, United States ambassador to Italy, and his family, have left the palace of Piobito, where they have been residing, and are staying at the Grand hotel. Mr. and Mrs. McVeagh will dine at the Quirinal with King Humbert and Queen Margherita on Saturday, and will leave Rome on Monday of next week.

## The Report Was Erroneous.

LOXDON, Feb. 26.—It is now well established that the recent report of the death of Stenitz, the chess master, was erroneous.